

THE WAR CRY

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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

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CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.

LOST IN THE QUICKSANDS

How Biddy Found Gain Through Loss

BIDDY had never thought of God as One who was in any way concerned with her life; nor had she ever considered herself as lacking in duty towards Him. True, in these later days, as she trudged through the cold, grey dawn, over the yielding cockle-beds, her thoughts often turned to the strange Salvation Army people who preached on the streets, and told

Stooping under the weight of her basket, Biddy was deep in thought, when, suddenly, she heard a cry from the boy behind her. Swinging round with cold fear clutching at her heart, she saw in the dim light that he was struggling in the grip of the quicksands, into which he had strayed when he thoughtlessly stepped off the path. The world appeared to be empty,

save for the disappearing boy and his mother, and her screams rang unanswered along the shore.

Flinging her basket from her, Biddy cautiously reached towards the lad, the ground giving way beneath her feet, so that she was able to achieve only an insecure hold of him, and he sank lower and lower. In terrible desperation she searched with frantic

gaze for help, but there was hope of none, and when she looked down again—!

Biddy struggled to her feet, staring wildly at the smooth unbroken sand, which was now beginning to shine in the increasing daylight. Her boy was gone, swallowed by the quicksands of the cockle-bed which had given her life for so many years.



of a Jesus Who could save people from sin. But her meditations always ended with a shrug of the shoulders and the soliloquy: "It isn't for the likes of me."

Before the daylight's wan fingers could creep over the low hills, and touch with ghastly shoen the murmuring stretches of sand in the Estuary, Biddy and her sixteen-year-old son had shouldered their baskets, and sought the narrow path of safety across the treacherous sea-marshes.

Long years on that wind-swept shore had taught Biddy to entertain a good respect for the cockle-beds, and every morning she took the lead over the road, invisible save for the straggling row of stakes which marked the way to the opposite shore. Her son followed in her footsteps.

And it was so now, as those two speechless figures crossed the sands, while the hills and sea seemed to slumber in the arms of the night, and from the wet beds came the infinitesimally small, shrill voices of their myriad inhabitants, heard between the squelching of the fishers' footsteps.

The Quagmires of Sin

But there are other and more dangerous quicksands than those which fringe the great waters of the world, for the consequences of being caught in those to which we now refer are more cruelly irreparable.

In the vast quagmire of sin there are devilish patches, the horror of which can never be fully described. And they never fail of their victims.

Our public press parades a terrible toll, but how many are there amongst the millions of readers who sense the sad sequence of destroyed hope, health, life, which is unceasingly portrayed.

How many are there who recognize this disaster, this destruction, this wicked misuse of all part of one Hell-inspired campaign against righteousness and against God?

Who is there, that, recognizing the cursed onslaught, will offer himself or herself to fight against evil? Let us first be sure that sin is defeated in ourselves. God will help every sincere seeker to be free from sin. Then let us devote ourselves to the rescue of the individual sinner. God will help in this also, if but grace is sought from above. Who believes this?

WHO WILL ANSWER THE CALL

Then, crushing in upon her numbed mind, like the echo of some long-forgotten prophecy, came the words as plainly as if spoken by a fellow-traveller across the dreary scene:

"This may be turned to your good. Get saved to-night."

Back to the town with the dreadful news, into the company of women who wept and of men whose moist eyes shone with mute sympathy; but Biddy found no consolation. A consuming desire to enter The Army Hall possessed her. When at length she found herself kneeling at the Penitent-Form, opening her heart before God, a great peace swept into her soul, so that the neighbors wondered why she bore so lightly the marks of her great tragedy.

To-day she is a fighting Soldier, and her other son stands with her in The Army Open-Air Meeting. Their hearts are sad when they hear the wind moan over the unmarked grave in the yellow sands, but Biddy knows that God is good and she declares that He was all the time seeking to bring her to a knowledge of Salvation.



Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Proverbs 14: 18-35. "The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life." Human fears are many and varied. Some, we term "wholesome," as they tend to protect and keep us from harm. The greatest of all these safeguards from life's snares and pitfalls is "the fear of the Lord." This is no craven or slavish dread, but like the fear of a dutiful child, wary of grieving a wise and loving parent.

Monday, Proverbs 15: 1-12. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Some people despise gentleness and meekness, and think they show a cowardly spirit. They forget it is easy to meet temper and bluster in the same way, but ability to return "a soft answer" is only acquired through discipline and steady self-control. Let us crave to be like Him Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered He threatened not.

Tuesday, Proverbs 15: 12-22. "The that is of merry heart hath a continual feast." In the early days the Army was noted for a happy religion. People were called to the Meetings expecting a joyful spirit, and they were not disappointed. In spite of little money, scanty fare, and real hardships the first Salvationists had "a continual feast," for they lived above circumstances. Shall we, whose lot is so much easier, by content to fall below their standard?

Wednesday, Proverbs 15: 22-33. "The thoughts of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord." How careful we should be as to our thoughts, for we but realize that they are all known to the God of Holiness and Truth. To kind, unkind, unclean, unworthy thoughts grave trial and bring upon us His displeasure. Only as we commit our minds to the Holy Spirit's keeping, are we enabled always to think that which is "true, pure, lovely, and of good report."

Thursday, Numbers 4: 1-15. "The service of the sons of Kohath." We learn from this portion that nothing is little in God's sight. He is interested even in the way we pack and put away things. Our motive, and how we act, as well as the work itself, are important. Remember this as you go about your duties today. Life will have a new meaning for you if you seek to "do all to the glory of God."

Friday, Numbers 6: 1-8; 22-27. "The Lord is giving thee peace." Peace is the Saviour's own gift. The angels who heralded His coming sang "Peace on earth," and when leaving His disciples the Master said, "Peace I leave with you." Are you restless and troubled? Claim this wonderful gift, part with what robs you of it, and the "peace which passeth all understanding" will guard and fill your soul.

Saturday, Numbers 9: 15-23. "At the commandment of the Lord they rested . . . and at the commandment of the Lord they journeyed." Some people fret because they have to stay a long time in one place, and others complain because they have to be continually changing. But they are safe and happy who order their "comings out" and "comings in" according to the will of a loving Heavenly Father's.

"Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies."

TRUTH TABLOIDS

"I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."—David.

However few or how many our faults, the great thing is to be constantly conquering them, continually growing better.

There is no such thing as standing still in this world. Each soul is either stronger or a little weaker, a little nobler or a little less noble, a little more self-reliant or a little more dependent to-day than it was yesterday.

2. L.O. CALLING--- and all the British Isles Listening In!

The General's Broadcast Message— Is it a message to you?

By Mrs. Staff-Captain Beckett

SO popular has The Army's Annual Broadcasting Service become that, by special request, stations in all parts of Britain this year took the programme from London. Scotch fisherfolk, Irish Collems, Welsh miners, (for when the service held special interest, Channel Islanders attended the largest Salvation Army Meeting ever held. Travellers' homeward bound felt a welcome in the familiar sound of The Army Band, whilst those en route for far off fields gained inspiration and courage from the words of Colonel Osborn's prayer: "Lift us beyond the bounds of kin and coast, dear though they be, and let us share in Thy vision." Even that lonely lighthouse where the three inhabitants have for weeks been cut off from the mainland by storms, rang with the music of:

Jesus, the name high over all
In hell or earth or sky.

The service this year was unique in that it was the second time within a week that the voice of The Salvation Army had been heard over the air. Only four days earlier, part of the programme of the Composers' Festival, presided over by the Duke and Duchess of York, had been sent out on the waves of sound.

Typically Army

The whole service was typically "Army," and breathed red-hot "Salvationism" from beginning to end. The instrumental music was supplied by the International Staff Band (Meditation "Hallelujah") and the vocal music by the Salvation Singers, under the leadership of Lieut.-Colonel Goldsmith. A quartette of Welsh miners from Aberllynry sang with the sweetness and fervor characteristic of that country. "Hark! the voice of Jesus calling," Mrs. Major Sansom, lately returned from China, read the Scriptures. A marvellous magic carpet was presented to the listening millions by Lieut.-Colonel Anbal (McIlwraith), for it transported them to India where they saw her and her comrades of the pioneer party tramping from village to village, leaving a trail of hope and healing as they went, sleeping under coconut palms with a heap of sand for a pillow, nursing the poor through cholera or smallpox epidemics, saving thousands of lives for service in God's Kingdom during the terrible famines. "Yet," said the Colonel, "I was not lonely, for God was with me; I felt no pain, for the service was for Him."

Then came the voice of The General, and if ever television was desirable, it was while he was speaking. Many great speakers confess to a feeling of strain and nervousness when, instead of the inspiring upturned faces of a sympathetic audience

they speak into an uninspiring, unsympathetic box, with a silence like that of the grave surrounding them.

To an observer in the studio, however, The General appeared quite at ease. His eye flashed, his voice thrilled, as he emphasised the points that his heart felt so deeply—his assurance that although men might feel his inability through circumstances or moral weakness to submit to the claims of God upon him, none could question the reasonableness of those claims. Rather do they say:

"The law is right—it is better to live according to the law of chastity and self-control than to break that law; it is better to have the assurance of God's favor than to risk His anger. But you see, I cannot reach the standard you have set me; I accept it; I approve it; I even commend it to others, but I am very sorry that for myself, I cannot attain to it."

There must have been many "Hallelujahs" ascend to God as The General went on to say:

"But what God does is to accompany the demands He makes for righteousness and purity and love with the offer to every man of that force within him which will turn his weakness into strength—which lays hold of every remnant of what is true and noble in him and cleanses and reinforces it and which changes those melancholy 'I can't's' into joyous 'I can's' 'I can do all things through Christ which strengthen me'."

Come to God now

"Let no one wait," he concludes, "come to God just now." Is it too much to imagine that, as we have seen men by their hundreds respond to those words, falling from these same expressive lips, in this and other lands, even now, while he calls, they bow in surrender to the Divine will? We think not. We prayed just now for this result.

Not until the great Books are opened will we know how many responded to his appeal, but a great response there undoubtedly was, for one could not but feel that God was answering Lieut.-Colonel Osborn's prayer at the opening of the service: "Lord, wilt thou speak to us for our good. Thou hast given unto man a wondrous power by which his voice may range the far spaces of the earth, yet our loudest tones must face into silence. It is not thus with words of Thine. Thy word endureth for ever. Thine is a living word. Thou who knowest us almost better and carest for us so well, speak to us who ever we are, and whatever our need may be, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

MINE DISASTER AT TIMMINS, ONT.

The Army's Ministry of Comfort

THE recent dreadful mine disaster at the flourishing town of Timmins, Ont., has stirred many of our readers, and we feel sure that our readers will be glad to know that the comrades of The Army were early at work dealing with the tragic circumstances thus created.

The Toronto "War Cry" says:

"As soon as the alarm was received, Ensign Bond lost no time in rushing to the scene of the tragedy, his uniform being an effective passport to the mine area, which was a concession denied the ordinary citizen. On the Friday, Saturday and Sunday following the disaster the Ensign spent hours at the shaft, standing by, ready to assist in whatever capacity he could. He placed himself at the unreserved disposal of the miners, and of Mayor Longmore, who, it must be said, has distinguished himself by his unremitting toil on behalf of the rescued and the bereaved.

"Since the occurrence, Ensign and Mrs. Bond, and also Lieutenant Deans, have spent much time dispensing that ministry of comfort which is so essential at such a time—a ministry which has been as gratefully received as graciously given.

"The town is stunned by the tragedy and has scarcely realized the enormity of the holocaust which snuffed the lives of thirty-nine hardy, red-blooded sons, lodged twenty-five homes and made one hundred children fatherless."

A "War Cry" representative says:

"We called at the home of one victim. The bereaved woman is a Pole, and speaks broken English with difficulty. Through a young daughter we conveyed our deep regret for her misfortune, which she gratefully acknowledged. Our inquiries as to the woman's needs elicited the information that she is in no immediate great need. We informed her that The Army would be willing to assist in any way necessary. Although a little reluctant, she was shown when we offered to pay, consent was given, and we besought the blessing of the Almighty upon the sorrowing home.

"Our next call was at the home of one who performed the role of hero in the disaster—Zolob, by name. We talked with Mrs. Zolob. In the majority of her race, took the fact of her husband's rescue from the brink of death quite stoically. It was interesting to learn that two of the Zolob children attend The Army Company Meeting."

In this town of sorrow The Army's presence has been a benediction indeed, and we pray that it may continue to be so.

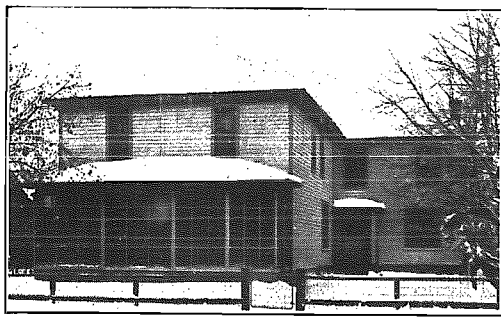
VICTORY WINNING IN VIENNA

Crowds Storm Salvationists for "War Cry"

We learn, according to a report just to hand, that the Corps in Vienna which at present is The Army's only centre of operations in Austria, is making good. The Home League has recently been inaugurated, and a special campaign was announced concerning which the Press made reference and public interest was aroused. According to Mrs. Dr. Hilly, a much esteemed Sergeant of the Corps, when our comrades reached the Open-Air stand, they found a throng of upwards of a thousand people awaiting them and so great was the interest created that at the conclusion of the Meeting they were "stormed" for copies of the "War Cry," and many questions were put to them concerning the work of The Salvation Army.

It was the writer's privilege not long time ago to visit Vienna and he then saw the first Army Flag to be hoisted in Austria. Though "home-made," it was a very presentable flag indeed and every stitch of it had been stitched in love and faith in the hope that the time would come when Austrians would be regularly held in the Austrian Capital. Already the stitches have been more than justified as the above mentioned facts indicate.

Merely to make a living is a very low ambition. We are here for something much higher than that. We are here to gain a life that is immortal, to gain treasures to carry with us into the world eternal.



CALGARY EVENTIDE HOME
A good work is being done by The Army at the above Eventide Home for Aged People in Calgary. Adjutant and Mrs. Kerr are the Officers in charge of the Institution.

Winnipeg Celebrates the General's Birthday

The Chief Secretary, Colonel Miller, Conducts the Crusade Swearing-in

forth—"we think that word fits their style—"Gather them in."

But these are but the preliminaries! The platform presented a joyous picture with its row on row of happy new comrades—captives of the Crusade. Some of them obviously new to our song and clasp—but welcome every one of them. The front row was adorned with its usual stately individuals, and here and there, scattered in varying places on the platform and throughout the audience, were the Officers—Field and Social—who had labored so gladly to bring about the joy of the evening.

Staff-Captain Steele's introduction put us all on our mettle: "We never will give in!" echoed and re-echoed from gallery and floor, and aided us all—if needed—in our triumphant spirit. The Chief in his style—took up the running in just his style—that style, you know, which makes us all feel so much at home, and so thoroughly family-like. His asides and choruses throughout the evening came in just at the right times, and kept us going apace.

A Real Birthday Present

The reminder that we were also celebrating the twenty-second birthday of our splendid General was received, naturally, for we all love him—with rounds of applause. We felt that ours was a real birthday present for The Army.

Brigadier Taylor, fresh from his journeyings across the prairies, was in town just in time to take part, and to give a thrilling report of Crusade victories from Lakes to Coast, from the Bay to the Line; a total of 1653 surrenders, and a probability of

hundreds of new comrades under our Flag. (Old Mother-Country, we're coming along in your grand old footsteps; we're chips of the old block; no, no—we're children of the same breed.)

Then, there followed brief and characteristic addresses from Brigadier Park and Lt.-Colonel Dickerson, as representing the Social Departments and their victories. Then the Editor had his quiet little say. The Citadel Band played, and played some old-time tunes as though they were the latest selections.

Mrs. Colonel Miller had already read to us from that mighty charge of Paul's—"Put on the whole armor of God," and in her kindly, helpful manner had made of those words an up-to-date message for the new comrades, who, we noted, were listening and understanding it was for them.

The Colonel's happily illustrated "Meaning of the Flag," was distinctly refreshing in these days when we all think we know so much. Even the flag-staff was symbolised for us, and now has its own meaning. And then the New Comrades stood to their feet, and with flags waving overhead, and alongside, they made an impressive and heart-moving picture. The Glory of the Week—we thought them. Those "Open-Air Stunts," as you called them; those torch-bearers along Main Street; those visitations out at St. James; those prayers over at Elmwood and Fort Rouge; Salvation scenes on Logan—all culminating in the possessive cry of these Swearing-in proceedings, as depicted on the smiling faces of the various Corps Officers.

The Chief Secretary administered the words of allegiance, and pronounced the prayer of acceptance and consecration, and then there began a procession across the platform, when every new comrade was decorated with the colours of The Army. Young and old they came, shyly at first, but then bravely they stepped along after receiving their badge, and we blessed them all in the Name of the Lord.

In a few terse and well-chosen words Staff-Captain Steele accepted our comrades into the ranks, and paid tribute to the loyal co-operation of the Manitoba Officers and Soldiers during the Crusade, and their testimony, and we thought they never would cease, one after the other.

The New Comrades Testify

First the comrade from the Netherlands, who told us in his halting English how his mother prayed that his coming to Canada might mean his coming to God. The gladness of his testimony into an imprisoned appeal; the liddle who just managed to lip: "I thank God"; the "Man from Ft. William" who had had the happiest month of his life.

Hand-clapping seemed banal after that, and we did wish, we did wish, we did wish that the old-time volleys could be substituted. Clapping is good enough for politics, but not for Salvation! Can't we say "Amen!"

But it was all over and we were outside at last; out into the two-feet-deep snow; out where the good-byes were said out on the sidewalk, and where folks will stand in the doorway so that one cannot get home in time. But as we ran for the street car the men Cadets were forming up in marching order, and singing lustily:

"For it washes white as snow,
The precious Blood of Jesus—
It washes white as snow."

And we knew it did; we know it does. The precious Blood of Jesus still washes white as snow and sinners are returning home to God.

WETASKIWIN

At the termination of the busy and fruitful Young People's Councils in Edmonton Commissioner and Mrs. Rich left Alberta's Capital City by car for Wetaskiwin where they were programmed to conduct a Meeting in the United Church. The party included Lt.-Colonel Sims, Territorial Y.P. Secretary, Staff-Captain Merritt, Divisional Commander, and also Captains Collier and Bamsey.

An unfortunate blow-out of a tire which occurred on the road necessitated some delay and not a little discomfort to the party owing to the cold weather, but a late arrival at Wetaskiwin was compensated by the hearty welcome which the travellers received from the expectant crowd gathered in the church. His Worship the Mayor presided over the Meeting and in greeting our Leaders on behalf of the citizens referred in high terms of praise to The Army and its work. Major Carruthers (Divisional Commander for Northern B.C. and Alaska) and Adjutant Waterston (Calgary Men's Social) were mentioned by the speaker as splendid products of the Wetaskiwin Corps.

Mrs. Rich's Bible reading was a spiritual impetus and was much enjoyed as also was a cornet duet by Captains Collier and Bamsey, and the Commissioner's subsequent lecture on The Army's activities gripped the listeners at its spell. It was amid much rejoicing that the gathering closed with five seekers having responded to our Leader's eloquent appeal.

Lt.-Colonel Sims and Staff-Captain Merritt were well to the front during the evening in supporting our Leaders, the latter using his musical abilities to good advantage. All were cheered to learn that the converts of the Crusade were taking their stand by the Officers, Captain Young and Lieut. Fitzpatrick, and that the condition of the Corps was the best in years.

KERROBERT

Leaving Wetaskiwin at midnight the Commissioner journeyed on alone to Kerrobert where he arrived, not without feeling the tiring effects of

"In Journeyings Oft" Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich take Separate Trails Through Alberta

the past several days' strenuous engagements. Our Leader, however, was full of fight and entered with zest into the duties of the day. Major Gosling, the Divisional Commander, bespoke a warm welcome at night in the church and was heartily seconded in this by one of the local ministers.

An inspiring Meeting followed and the splendid crowd present listened with close attention to the Commissioner's enlightening address. Many without doubt, received a new vision of God and of The Army that night, and the gathering was brought to an impressive close. Captain A. Weeks and Lieut. Carse are the Officers at this Corps.

MOOSE JAW

Early next morning the train bore our Leader on to Moose Jaw where he filled an engagement at the United Farmers' Convention, a large and important gathering held annually in that City. Seven hundred delegates received the visitor with evident pleasure and voiced their appreciation in no uncertain manner at the conclusion of his stirring address on the wide-world operations of The Army.

RED DEER

In the meantime Mrs. Commissioner Rich, on leaving Wetaskiwin, journeyed to Red Deer where, in spite of severe weather conditions, a large

crowd gathered for the Young People's Annual. Staff-Captain Merritt piloted the evening's proceedings and Lt.-Colonel Sims addressed the audience. Mrs. Rich, to the pleasure of the recipients, presented the attendance prizes to thirty happy young folks.

INNISFAIR

Next day Mrs. Commissioner Rich was met at her next stop, Innisfair, by the Corps Officers, Captain McKay and Lieut. Morrison, who had an encouraging report of progress to give. In the afternoon Lt.-Colonel Sims and Staff-Captain Merritt met a packed Hall of children and it goes without saying that all concerned had a good time.

An Open-Air held in zero weather preceded the Meeting at night when a large crowd met in the Hall. On behalf of the comrades the Staff-Captain spoke words of welcome and Mrs. Rich responded in addition to her thanks giving a brief but inspiring account of The Army's high aims and ideals. Captain McKay and Lieut. Morrison sang a helpful duet, the Staff-Captain charmed the audience with a concertina solo and the Colonel gave a stirring testimony.

A Joyous Close

Mrs. Rich's Bible address was very powerful and convincing and a means of blessing to all. In the Prayer-Meeting which followed a man volunteered to the Mercy-Seat and the Meeting was brought to a joyous close, the Comrades expressing the hope that Mrs. Rich would be partnered by the Commissioner on the next visit.

Even after the Meeting closed Mrs. Rich persisted in dealing with a man and wife down whose cheeks tears were streaming. Our Leader's efforts were not in vain, for about eleven p.m. the two were on the knees seeking God. Great rejoicing followed and physical tiredness was forgotten in the joy of victory.

Innisfair under its Officers is making splendid progress and souls are being saved. The visit of Mrs. Rich proved to be a splendid impetus to the work of the Corps.—E.S.

CANDIDATES' DAY, SUNDAY APRIL 1st

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR LIFE?

YOU have often met with this question, but probably have given it very little serious thought. Will you, for three uninterrupted minutes, consider the question—seriously—prayerfully—remembering that Life is something for which you will be required to GIVE ACCOUNT TO GOD—whether you are saved or unsaved?

DOES it appear to you to be a purpose worthy of so precious a gift as Life to spend it on having a good time merely—making money or securing worldly possessions that soon will all be left behind.

GOD wants men and women who WILL LIVE FOR HIM to make known His love and power and His purposes for mankind: The Salvation Army offers unsurpassed opportunities to the fully consecrated, for the blessing of the needy and for the proclamation of the message of Salvation.

Application should be made to Lt.-Commissioner Rich, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man. Information will be supplied by any Army Officer.

BUT for the fact that it is all fact, and not a word of romance in it—the record of the achievements of The Salvation Army in the City of Calgary might well be termed religious romance.

Of course I speak as a citizen of this "no mean city," and so I permit myself to say that no spot in the whole of Western Canada is more in the limelight than Calgary. It was so on that memorable day in August, 1887, when Lieutenant Patterson and Cadet Iverach stood in front of the old Royal Hotel on Stephen Avenue, and the Cadet fired the first shot in the battle for souls which is still proceeding. Record upon record has

Salvationism in Calgary

By Envoy W. H. Hawley

Jackson; Ensign Taylor—now Mrs. Commandant Richardson; Staff-Captain and Mrs. Combs—our glorified Colonel and his dear partner; and in later days—Adjutant and Mrs. John Merrett; Adjutant and Mrs. B. Bourne; Adjutant and Mrs. J. Merritt; Adjutant and Mrs. Muttart; Commandant—now promoted—and Mrs. Hamilton; Captain and Mrs. Branwell Collier; and now, not the least in a splendid succession—Adjutant and Mrs. Junker.

Notable Captures

Do we not wish we had time and space for the record of some of the notable captures of the early days. George Scarbury, how well remembered he is, a notorious hotel keeper, saved under Mrs. Major Creighton, and now in Glory. Teddie Frost, who was a unique character; it was said of him that he could outbait any other two men of the construction gang on the Calgary and Edmonton Railway.

And what shall we say of the long succession of Local Officers, of whom some remain until this present. And of the Band—first started in 1893—with six players—a notable combination, adding much to musical wonderment of the fast growing city.

Then will the Editor spare me space to enthuse for a few lines concerning our Junior Corps? First formed in 1901 with twelve children, and now—is it not—the foremost Y.P. Corps of the Territory.

Ventilation Necessary

This young branch first met in the old Hall, but soon it became necessary to look for larger quarters, and old-timers tell of the Sunday mornings when it was necessary to open all the windows of the room, and fumigate it thoroughly for it was the upstairs floor of the Liquor Control Store, and the fumes of the liquor were so strong that early coming and ventilation were necessary.

One would imagine that it was some time in such a rapidly growing city as Calgary before settled accommodation was discovered. The first Meetings were held in the Boynton Hall, on Stephen Avenue. Thence a move was made to a site on Seventh Avenue; back again to Eighth Avenue. Then to a frame building near where we are now, and then a building of our own. This proved too small, and the present magnificent Auditorium was built in 1909; and the now all-too-small Y.P. Annex in 1920. Every square inch of space is used to overflowing

one of the first Local Officers. After some months of effort the location of the Corps was moved to Hillhurst, and there under the virile leadership of Captain Tobin and Lieutenant Donnelly a splendid work is being pushed forward.

A Happy Force

A further extension in keeping with the ever widening bounds of the City was made in 1915, when Corps Number 3 was formed, with Captain Bonnett—Mrs. Adjutant Acton—in command. In spite of adverses more than usual, and difficulties in regard to locations, etc., this valiant Corps has fought ahead, until today there is a happy force in existence under the mainly control of Captain Watt and Lieutenant Lapp.

I hope the Editor will be good enough to let me say that it is his hand which has removed the "ancient landmarks" from this part of my article. A goodly crowd of old and tried fighters—Officers and Soldiers of No. 2 and No. 3, were on my list. (Go on lay it out, Ed.)

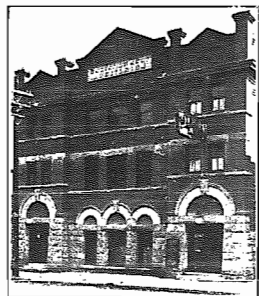
And now what shall we say of the other activities of the Blood and Fire in the City? Of the Industrial Department located on Ninth Avenue East—

capable Matron. What a host of warm and earnest friends this work has secured in past days, and what a hearted band of Medicos and others are laboring with it and for it to-day. It can be said—the Hospital is the last word in efficiency.

We are almost breathless in our efforts to compete with the Editor's demand of time and space, but who can doubt that in the record of altruistic work for the Salvation of the lost, and the salvaging of the weak and erring, The Army will continue to hold a place near the top in Calgary, fair City, the Footballists? (Let it be put on record that we in the Editorial Department have no such doubts.—Ed.)

Happenings Up-to-date at the Calgary Citadel Corps

The visit of Corps Sergeant-Major Dinsdale from Brandon on Sunday last (reported in our last issue) and which resulted in a harvest of forty-seven seekers was a real stir-up for the Calgary Citadel Corps and will be long remembered. It is interesting to note that the Sergeant-Major gave his inspiring lecture on the Saturday night and this was presided over by His Worship Mayor Turner Bone. Monday night was another great night when the Calgary Citadel Band gave a first-class Musical Festival in aid of the Cenotaph Fund. A large crowd thoroughly enjoyed the Festival from start to finish and showed



Calgary's fine Citadel on First Street East

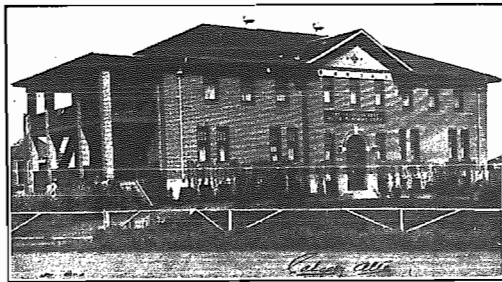
been broken, and so we have come along right up to this present year of grace.

Peoples of all Nationalities

The crowds of those early days were made up of cow-boys, half-breeds, full-blooded Indians, peoples of all nationalities, and from every walk of life. Cow Town, as we were then known, was ready for The Army, and from the first eager throngs listened to our message, and followed the processions to the Hall. We do wish, and we have pleaded with him so earnestly, that the inexorable Editor would give us space for the names of some of those who fought with The Army in those far off days; names that ought to be handed down to posterity. But he allows us space to say that one of them, Charlie Jackson, still survives on the Corps roll. Others got cold feet, some moved away, some passed over to their reward—but their names we treasure in our hearts.

The First Officers

The first Officers to arrive in our midst were those whom we have named—sent to us from the Western Headquarters at Lieutenant Kadey—now Mrs. Charlie



The Children's Home on the heights of Killarney.

Winnipeg—together with Captain Mercer. It is with infinite pains we have compiled a list of the successive Officers in command of the old Number One Corps, but again the Editor puts his foot down. If it were not for a friendship, which has lasted over a space of years, we would proceed to veritable abuse—but Editors are Editors! (As we know to our infinite sorrow, Brother Hawley—Ed.)

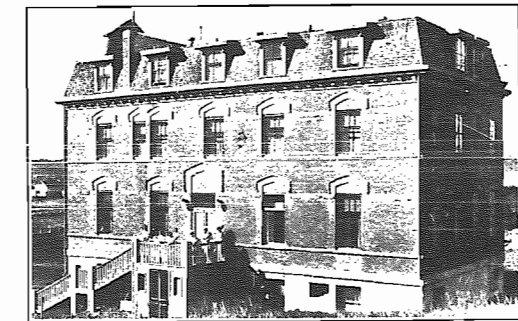
But we must put on record, we really must, the names of some of the splendid warriors. Captain Rennie—who became Mrs. Brigadier Alex Crichton; Captain Lowry, now Mrs. Major Creighton.

for our various activities—including the cellar. What about it, you Property men at Territorial Headquarters? (Yes, and what about it, you folks of Calgary?—Editor.)

"War Cry" Booming experts

The Editor will allow me room now—see if he doesn't—to say that over 40,000 copies of The Army's publications were sold by the Citadel Corps during the past year.

In 1912, during the Divisional Commandership of Lt.-Colonel McLean, a second Corps was opened—in East Calgary, and here your humble dust was



The Calgary Grace—an institution of magnificent worth to the community

miserably insufficiently located too, where Adjutant and Mrs. Waterson and their staff are carrying on a continual spiritual work among the boys and men who are on their hearts and souls. Meetings in the Provincial Jail form no small part of their responsibilities.

A Fine Children's Home

What about the Children's Home away on the heights of Killarney, where Commandant and Mrs. Muttart hold parental sway. Originally an adjunct of the Rescue Home, the work grew so much that in 1910 it was necessary to rent separate accommodation. The present fine building was erected as a Booth Memorial Home in 1922; the land for the building being donated by our good comrade, Charlie Jackson.

Then the Eventide Home—our latest development, where on Eleventh Avenue East, Adjutant and Mrs. Kerr and their earnest assistants, care for bed-ridden old folks, and soothe and comfort their troubled eventide, making it "light indeed."

No, we had not forgotten the Maternity Hospital—our Calgary "Grace." The first Home, then for rescue cases only, was in a rented building on Eleventh Avenue East, where the Eventide Home is now located; the building being afterwards purchased by The Army.

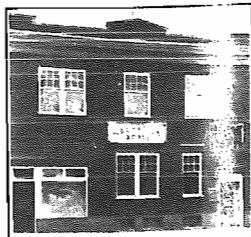
It is a classic by now that the Officer in charge during those first days had to advance the rental of the Home out of her own pocket.

Warm and Earnest Friends

But now the Hospital has emerged from these lowly but brave beginnings, and in the building formerly known as the "Bishop Pinkham College," we have located our up-to-date Grace (Maternity) Hospital, with Adjutant C. Knott as the

the keenest appreciation of the efforts put forth.

In connection with the recent Salvation Crusade we must place on record the splendidly enthusiastic efforts put forth by all branches of the Corps, from the young people to grey-haired veteran warriors. The fighting qualities of our comrades were vigorously tested by the enemy of souls, but the harder the conflict the greater the energy displayed. It was with no small satisfaction and giving of thanks to God that we witnessed on Sunday afternoon the enrolment, by Adjutant Junker, our Corps Officer, of twenty recent Converts under the glorious Blood-and-Fire Flag of The Salvation Army. May God keep them true and may they in turn be the means of winning many souls for the Master's diadem.



The Men's Hostel and Industrial Store on Ninth Avenue

Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor Conduct Forty-Second Band Annual at Winnipeg Citadel

WE would give much, says J.R.W., to be able to convey to the Bandsmen of the Territory even the smallest comprehension of what this Band Annual has meant to us.

We wish we could impart the thrill that electrified us on Saturday night when we heard the Field Secretary say, as we went into the Prayer - Meeting - "Two seelers are at the Mercy-Seat! Who will be the third?"

Was it not natural that the words of the "Founder Bishop" should flush into our minds - "Soul-saving music is the music for the me." We offered our thanks that the music of our first Meeting had done more than "tickle the ear." It had brought some seeking ones to Him.

A very ambitious programme had been arranged for the weekend; Saturday night a tip-top festival, and on Monday four of the latest Festival Numbers just received.

Our Leader remarked at the onset, the purpose of the Event was "not a display of musical efficiency—not a desire to occupy the limelight for four or five Meetings—but to help draw men nigh to God that He may draw nigh to them." Truth which received ready seconding in the hearts of each Bandsman present.

Sunday morning was indeed a fulfilment of this desire. Mrs. Taylor's choice singing came as a Breath of God to us, and the Brigadier's reminder as to our duty in regard to the light of God was none less timely—it was tense.

During the afternoon service, with a splendid audience, the Band responded nobly in music and song. "Two Tales" told by "Two Talebearers"—Adjutant Aton and Sergt. Muir—were just the sort of gems that Bandsmen most do treasure. They told how they had been attracted by the sound of the telephone drum now played by the present Citadel drummer, and how the invitation resulted in their finding the Saviour.

"Modern inventions and present day achievements in the fields of science and exploration leave us standing amazed," the Brigadier told us in the Salvation Meeting at night. And then in eloquent but simple terms, he went on to speak of the great Broadcaster, and of us—the Listeners-in. Three expressed their desire to "tune in" and five others expressed their desire for prayer, before the benediction was pronounced.

And, as J.R.W. puts it, all radio "fans" are agreed that one cannot enjoy the finest harmonic of a symphony orchestra from station A.P.C. while station N.Y.Z. is sending out a happy game over the same wave length. So all these seeking comrades determined to shut out all things else, and listen in only to station HEAVEN where God is the great Broadcaster.

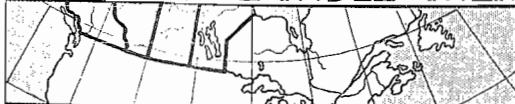
The absence of Monday night was an enthusiasm in one, and unstinted in their appreciation of the efforts of Band, Soloists, and chorists. Once more the Field Secretary and Mrs. Taylor exerted their strength and advanced their religious convictions with unwavering fervor and zeal to the great blessing and joy of all who had been in their audiences throughout the weekend.

ADJUTANT STEWART CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY IN JAIL (By Wire)

Four meetings were conducted in Edmonton on Sunday last including a service at the Fort Saskatchewan Jail. Results were twenty-one souls for the day which was truly one of great blessing and a fitting celebration of the Adjutant's birthday.—H.C.T.

Come ye to console where'er ye languish.
Here bid to the Mercy-Seat, fervently knelt.
Here bring your wounded hearts,
Here tell your anguish.
Earth hath no sorrow, that Christ cannot heal.

TERRITORIAL TABLE-TALK



Winnipeg, March 16th

As we write these Notes the Commissioner is in Vancouver, dealing with some matters of Territorial importance. We hope to see him back at T.H.Q. on Monday or Tuesday next, and trust that he will be none the worse for the long and arduous campaign he will then have completed.

Colonel Miller, the Chief Secretary, has left for the Young People's Councils in Vancouver and Victoria; look out for special "Cry" reports from "Our Special Correspondent at the Front."

Twelve years ago Manitoba closed its Drinking Saloons; yesterday they opened again. Once more the forces of Evil and Sin have an apparent triumph, but we remind ourselves that if "The Mills of God grind slow, they grind exceeding small." Anyway, here's a fine field of attack for real Blood and Fire Salvationism.

The Commissioner says that the Easter "War Cry" is a beauty, and he ought to know.

Editorial and comradely congratulations to Brigadier Rhodda, of the "Cry" on his recent promotion; "all one body we." Congratulations also to Colonel Agnew, Men's Social Secretary in Chicago, on his promotion. He was once numbered among the faithful.

We advise you to get a copy—*hey* one, we mean—of this week's "Young Soldier"; a special Bible Number, and some really informative and good stuff therein. Sorry it's only the "Y.S.," but you can get off your high horse for once.

Brigadier Smith, the Trade Secretary, is ready at all times to attend to any complaints which reach his department, but compliments do not by any means come amiss. Regarding a shipment of goods recently received by Adjutant Jessie Reader, Drumheller, this comrade writes as follows: "The Bandsman's uniforms ordered were received O.K. They are a perfect fit and everyone is satisfied—in fact the Bandsmen are delighted."

The Smiling Salvationist Is a Blessing to Jew and Gentile Alike

The Army is increasingly known in Budapest, the Hungarian capital. We had the opportunity not very long ago, says a comrade, of passing through the picturesque city mentioned in company with a Salvationist who, judging by the hearty way he was greeted by the multitude of the various cafes as we passed our way, was recognised as a welcome visitor with his "War Cry." Many were the pauses as polite enquiries made at sight of the uniform and many a merry word was exchanged between frequent and the happy-hearty comrade at our side. Presently an old bearded father in Israel came along the way, with ready tactfulness and infectious kindness, our comrade, greeted him in Hebrew, with the benediction beginning: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee," to which the venerable patriarch with his which the venerable patriarch with his eyes beaming with the old light, replied in Hebrew. Later, we met some stately clerics, and the smiling Salvationist greeted them, uttering the Latin exclamation: "Dominus vobiscum" (The Lord be with you).

An interesting event took place on Sunday evening last, when the Band of the Saint James Citadel visited the Martin Avenue United Church, Elmwood. We hear that the building was crowded. The service was conducted throughout and a special address given by Ensign Ede, so that one will understand it was a real Army affair.

We welcome to T.H.Q. Ensign E. Peterson, of the Training Garrison, who has been appointed to the Chief Secretary's office. Glad to see you, Ensign.

Our report pages are interesting reading these days. Lt.-Colonel McLean is certainly on the war-path in his own original fighting manner. We also glad to hear of Lt.-Colonel Phillips' recent public activities in Vancouver. God bless our veterans.

Mrs. Ensign Capon, of Saskatoon I, is a temporary resident at Grace Hospital, where she is undergoing special treatment; we have no doubt she will benefit thereby.

Latest news about our other Hospital residents is good; Staff-Captain Dray and Ensign Harrington are doing well. We understand that the latter comrade is already thinking of undertaking a gymnastic course.

We extend our sincere sympathy to Sister Mrs. Kairns, and the comrades of Fort Rouge, in connection with the death of the son of our Sister. He was accidentally killed under tragic circumstances on the C.N.R. Depot tracks on Tuesday last.

An old covenantor who ruled his household with a rod of iron is said to have prayed in all sincerity at family worship: "O Lord, have a care o' Bob for he is on the great deep; and Thou holdest it in the hollow o' Thy hand. And have a care o' Jamie, for he has gone to fight the enemies o' his country, an' the outcome of the battle is wi' Thee. But Ye needna fash Yersel' wi' me Willie, for I hae him here, an' I'm cawpable o' lookin' after him mysel'."

Garrison Principal at Fort Rouge

Brigadier and Mrs. Carter were with us all day. In the morning Meeting the Brigadier handed out the Commission to the Local Officers. Cadets Thomas and Mendum were with us also. Mrs. Carter took the lesson, and gave us some very helpful advice. At the close of the Meeting five comrades knelt at the altar.

The evening commenced with a good Open-Air, at which a large number of Soldiers were present. The Hall was full to its utmost capacity, and we started what proved to be a very good Meeting, with that fine old song, "Oh Boundless Salvation." The Meeting went with a good swing. The Brigadier enrolled six new Senior Soldiers, and two Junior Soldiers. Cadets Collet and Meekings each spoke and gave very helpful testimonies. The Principal made a very definite appeal to the unconverted, and the Meeting resulted in a young man kneeling at the Penitent-Form. Hallelujah!

After the Meeting, where we were leaving the Hall, a young man, who had been under conviction for some weeks, and who had been faithfully dealt with during the Meeting, at last surrendered to the Master, and found Salvation.—M.J.

New Officers for Kenya

A very hearty send-off took place at Liverpool Street Station, London, Eng., when a party of Officers were "au revoir" on their way to Kenya, by Commissioner Mapp, Imperial Secretary, and a number of Officers and friends. The farewell party consisted of Major and Mrs. Vint and their son; Adjutant and Mrs. Penn and their two children; Adjutant Elizabeth Betts and Adjutant Annie Fairhurst.

The valdely scene was as touching as it was inspiring, not only to our departing comrades, but to the friends and even to a number of the onlookers who assembled. Brigadier Hodgson, Under Secretary, prayed earnestly that the outgoing missionaries might have "journeying mercies" and be kept under the shadow of God's protecting care. The heart-moving words of the Commissioner's charge will surely long live in the memories of all who heard them, and when the train started off on its journey, there was a mist in the eyes of some who took part in the goodbye scene.

A Pat on the Back for the Montreal I Band

The following letter was received by Bandmaster Goodier in connection with the Montreal I Band's participation in the Memorial Service to Earl Haig held in the Christ Church Cathedral and conducted by the Bishop of Montreal.

Dear Sir,
May I, as a member of the Choir of Christ Church Cathedral, express to you my keen appreciation, and that of all other members to whom I have spoken, of the wonderful rendering of "Chopin's Funeral March" by your Band yesterday afternoon.

The smoothness and mellow beauty of tone of the instruments were a delight; while the interpretation, of the music, and the instant response to your slightest gesture, showed that perfect co-ordination which is the dream of every conductor.

To the impressiveness of a great Memorial Service your contribution was very great.

Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) S. Herbert J. Rud.

AN INVITATION FROM THE GARRISON

Brigadier Carter asks us to say that the special Musical and Incidental Festival, which was announced in our last issue to take place in the Garrison Auditorium, on Monday, March 19th, is now planned for the following evening—Tuesday, the 20th. We understand this re-arrangement has been made so that the event shall not clash with some interesting Meetings announced at the City Corps, viz., Lt.-Colonel McLean at the Citadel.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska

Founder General William Booth
Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.

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General Order

CANDIDATES' DAY will be observed throughout the Canada West Territory on Sunday, April 1st.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

PROMOTION:

Cadet Gertrude Bradley to be Promoted Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENT:

Ensign Edythe Peterson, from the Training Garrison to Territorial Headquarters.

Pro.-Lieut. Gertrude Bradley to Kamsack.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

"To Spend and be Spent"

IT IS the sacrificial life which has power with men and prevails. Is not that the secret of the life of Jesus?

"None of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the
Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost."

but that is why He found His sheep. And the New Testament goes still further back, to find in God Himself the same deep secret. "God loved the world," but not alone. He so loved that He gave His Son; that was the manner and the measure of His love—a love whose speech was sacrifice.

And when we turn from God to men, it is still the same: this which is the token of the service of the Redeemer is the token of all redeeming service. Read again some of the words in which Paul lays bare his very self—words that are the more revealing just because there is so little that is self-conscious in them. *We were well-pleased*, he writes in one letter, *to impart unto you, not the gospel of God only, but also for your sakes*. Preaching to him was not mere talking; it was the draining of his life-blood; he gave himself to those he sought to serve and save, as a mother with her own life nourishes her child.

Again he writes, *I will most gladly spend and be spent for you*. But that, as the margin of the Revised Version suggests, is far too tame a translation of Paul's passionate word. What he coveted was not simply to "spend and be spent," but to be spent out; it must be self-giving to the point of self beggary.

Commr. and Mrs. Mapp

It is delightful to know that the Commissioner has received confirmation of our note of last week, and that Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp will be in Winnipeg on Saturday, March 31st. The Commissioner is making this call en route for the Territorial Congresses in Australia, and will be accompanied by Major Frank Taylor.

As per our special announcement, the International Secretary and Mrs. Mapp will be present at a Y.P. Delegates' Welcome and Musicales in the Citadel on Saturday, the 31st inst.; and it is hoped that travelling arrangements will permit of their being present at some part of the Y.P. Councils on the following day.

Extracts from The General's Journal

(Arranged by Lt.-Colonel H. L. Taylor)

(Continued from last week)



An Ideal Union—Tokio Is Aroused—"Tea and Cakes"—"My First Sinners' Meeting in Japan"—Wonderful Singing—Estill Dead!

Tuesday, October 12th, 1926.—Yokohama. Some sleep, and quieter in proportion. At 10 o'clock received Count Mutsu, a very interesting and important man. Was in London when the Founder's "In Darkest England and the Way Out" was first published. Became an Army friend, but, I fear, without any spiritual relations. I said some plain words to him, and he took them happily.

Conference with Eddie and my party on arrangements, and then on the proposed legislation for controlling religions. Following this, talked with Eddie for an hour or so; many things here to rejoice over. God has helped him. *Light is coming!*

Quite sad to hear there is no mail for London till Friday. Walked an hour on the waterside—very charming and peaceful. A tranquil evening—calmed my spirit. A big Campaign lies before me!

Forty-four years ago today, F. and I were united in what has proved for me an ideal union. In her, by my Lord's goodness, I have found springs of happiness, stores of wisdom, and boundless love. How can I so thank Him as I ought? Gratitude overflows all else today!

Yamamuro handed me a Sketch of my Life just published—a nice little book, and should do good.

Thursday, 14th.—Took Smith to the waterside and dictated for an hour or so in a covered Rest-House above the sands. The coloring is really exquisite. Cunningham joined me here, and we considered, amid the wide spaces of sea and shore, some of the problems before us.

Finished the London mail, and left Kamakura at 5 o'clock for Tokio. Station very crowded; the Stationmaster a man of evident force and ability, and very considerate.

On arriving Tokio, found Bishop Uzaki and His Excellency Mr. Hiro-yoshi Kira-tsuka, Governor of the Tokio Prefecture, and various Government officials, waiting to give me welcome. All very warm. To cut, and on to Hibaya Park through a mile of cheering, singing people, with many of them waving colored lanterns. A never-to-be-forgotten Meeting followed in a huge natural amphitheatre: five thousand people seated, many standing. Truly a marvellous sight! A stream of photographers also happily, they disturbed the audience less than they disturbed me!

Eddie and the Deputy Mayor (on behalf of Mayor Takio Izawa, who was absent through illness) presented and

read addresses. I replied, taking fifteen minutes, my first public effort in Japan, translated by Yamamuro, who did well. The attention was wonderful, especially as we had, naturally, much curiosity. Ought we to have had a Penitent-Form? Oh, the charm of the Open-Air!

What a day this has been! The force represented by the Officers and Local Officers most impressive. God is working for this nation!

To the Imperial Hotel, erected just before the earthquake, the shock of which it was almost the only structure hereabouts to withstand, being built of stone blocks only. Solid masonry everywhere; the stairs and passages mostly very narrow, but good rooms.

Friday, 15th.—Tokio. Last night looks wonderful on reflection. The Press is good.

Several interviews in the morning. Afternoon, to Viscount Shibusawa's mansion to meet about forty leading men of the country. All cordial; some very warm. Spoke to them for some forty-five minutes—"The Army—the country—the life-power in Christ. They seemed impressed.

Then "tea and cakes"—which is quite an institution here—the company all being seated. The Viscount, a charming and striking personality, nearly 84; active, generous, and large-hearted. A Confucianist. Had received the Founder, and spoke with such warmth of admiration for him. Appears to be greatly struck by what he has heard of last night in the Park.

Evening, met Local Officers, about 400, with 300 Officers. Spoke very plainly. A good Penitent-Form; such earnest seeking, especially on the part of the men. The influence tonight was very powerful; it touches my own heart. All classes and trades represented amongst these comrades.

On all sides I find evidences of the recovery of this city from the earthquake disaster.

Sunday, 17th.—Tokio. Moderate night. Found my pulse steady. London mail late.

At 9.15, Cunningham and Bernard re the Campaign arrangements; 10, a fine Gathering. Soldiers only. My topic—Union with God's Will. About a thousand present, of whom the hundred would be Officers. Singing very good—Eddie has given attention to this. I do not understand the criticism I have heard concerning Japanese singing. A

tender and deep influence overspread us, and as I concluded my address there was an overwhelming coming to God—all so earnest and serious and so far as I can judge, sincere that one could not regret anything. Many big men were quite broken down—a truly Apostolic scene.

Lunch—a new sabbath! Tables to be from London. At 2.15 my train to the Hall. The Prime Minister, His Excellency Mr. Keijiro Wakatsuki, a very able and cordial man, and warm about us, presided. I lectured, and two important public men—Baron Suematsu (an ex-Minister of Finance) and Mr. Tokuryo Tokutomi (a member of the House of Peers) made capital speeches. Mr. T. referred to the failure of Francis Xavier here "because he did not do the Japanese—but the General is doing them!" Responding to this I announced amid great applause, my intended appointment of Yamamuro as Territorial Commander.

From this Meeting to an Overflow; very hot! There were no fewer than three others, but I could not visit them! Quite a number of English at the principal Meeting, some having come from the Embassy. The U.S.A. Ambassador also present.

Night, my first sinners' Meeting in this land. An enormous pack; a wonderful affair from beginning to end. I spoke twice. Bernard did well, speaking twenty minutes; Cunningham also. We pushed things hard for our Master, but not too hard—and there was a real smash, with more broken hearts than either last night or this morning.

As soon as possible I went off to the Overflow. Another very good Meeting; eighty at the Mercy-Seat there.

The personal dealing with the penitents seemed excellent; the Officers appeared keen, energetic, and immensely painstaking. I noticed one or two cases in which they continued for nearly an hour with the same conviction seeking soul. As to the singing, that has been a marked feature of the day. The men's voices wonderful. The praying, especially by Locals and Soldiers, glorious in its freedom and feeling; whilst the silence and immovableness of the crowd greatly impressed me. The Japanese is a good listener.

Tuesday, 19th.—Tokio. A better night; feeling less anxious about the Campaign. Officers today, morning and evening. Not one of my best Councils, but found the Field Officers alert and full of desire; all much stirred by Sunday's battles, and Yamamuro in high spirits.

Afternoon, world affairs. Conference on Religions Bill, and began dictating Memorandum as to our views for the guidance of the lawyers.

Read a little. Wednesday, 20th.—Tokio. Finished my Memorandum first thing this morning. Conference with important lawyer for 1 o'clock.

Officers again today. Morning Session good. The Japanese seems alert, reflective, quiet at times, and then again overflowing with emotion—a deeply interesting study. Best of all, God is with us!

Left afternoon Session to Cunningham and Bernard, whilst Smith and I got on with our papers. Had just got into our stride, when cable from New York announced, "Estill died last night." It is a great shock. A heavy loss, especially at this time. The Commissioner was a Salvation Army Ironside; I never wavered; he loved souls—which meant for him that he loved sinners. *What shall we do for men?* It is the cry of his heart. What can I say to Mrs. Estill?

Evening Session a great gathering. Told to Him, my topic. Told that about dear Estill; he was loved here, where he did lasting work. We had a blessed visitation from on high!

(To be continued next week)

REBECCA JARRETT GOES HOME

An Echo of the "Maiden Tribute"

As we go to press we learn of the promotion to Glory of Rebecca Jarrett, who it will be remembered, was associated with the General and the late M. W. T. Stead in their heroic efforts on behalf of endangered girlhood in the year 1885.

In an early issue we hope to refer to the career of this veteran Army comrade.

The Young People of Alberta Send Birthday Greetings to The General

Calgary, March 11th, 1928.

The General,

International Headquarters, London.

Dear General:

The Young People of Southern Alberta gathered in Council at Calgary, under the leadership of Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, join with the multitude of Soldiers and friends in all lands who love and esteem you and who wish you many happy returns of the day.

Calgary's Conquering Councils

Commissioner and Mrs. Rich conduct "The Best Yet"---
Forty Pledges for Officership---Eighty Consecrations
for God's Service---"A Wonderful Day."



Adjutant and Mrs. Junker
(Calgary Citadel Corps)

ONE could almost wish that the commander who so well reported our triumphant Council weekend at Edmonton could have been with us at Calgary, so that he might have caught something of the glow and glory which was all around us there during that Council. Really it seems as though it was an actual fulfillment of the scripture, which says, "They go from strength to strength." The fact that the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, and some others of us, had been in "journeys off" did not seem to detract from the zeal with which they approached the Meetings. We cannot imagine there were many young people with us, who were more wholeheartedly "in it" than they were. It was so evident that the Calgary Meetings were a time of real leadership, and so they became seasons of real blessing.

We Come Together

To begin with, we excelled ourselves on the Saturday night. The Citadel was jammed from floor to ceiling, and at 7:45 we were well into the proceedings, which began with a triumphant entry of the Life-Savers and the Commissioner taking the salute.

Then the curtain was raised, and forty young folks sang an original welcome song, and we were well ahead with a review of all the Provinces, a review which, of course, went to prove most conclusively that Sunny Alberta is the best of all—as it is nearly always.

One pretty episode was when three of the Primary Juniors made a floral presentation to Mrs. Rich, and were rewarded by a hearty kiss from both Mrs. Rich and the Commissioner.

Lt.-Colonel Sims presented each delegation group to the audience amidst rousing cheers; from Lethbridge, eighteen from Medicine Hat; twenty from Drumheller, and comrades from Innisfail, High River, Coleman, Macleod, etc. After which a fine musical and choral programme was rendered. All this was a splendid send-off for the morrow, to which we were now looking forward with such expectancy. Adjutant Junker and his willing aides had done us well so far.

The Glow of the Morning

It is difficult for our reporter not to continue to boiling-over point; so splendid were the numbers and so valiant was the spirit of those who came up for the Sunday Meetings. He tells us that the

weather was "blizzared" until the afternoon when a blizzard in its appearance. But even that did not check the enthusiasm of the day. Things simply swung ahead!

The chorus singing, which went before each Session was just right in its application to the thoughts of the day; and the instrumental music also deserves a word of praise. The Band consisted of delegate-bandsmen; so that you will see the whole setting was in harmony.

At 10.15 on Sunday morning the Hickman Hall was packed, and when Staff-Captain Merritt gave out the first song, there was a feeling of Salvation spiritually in the air which was more than refreshing. Adjutant Junker's prayer helped us, and then Adjutant C. Knott's Bible reading, with our responses, took us a stage further. Colonel Sims was soon on his feet, giving voice to some of his desires and hopes for the day.

The Commissioner's address was a soul-revelation, in that it told us so plainly of his hopes for us, and of God's plans for our lives, and even at that early period of the Councils, our hearts were all a-hungered. Twelve-thirty came all too soon.

Pledged to The Army

A delightful item in the afternoon Meeting was when Sergt.-Major Mundy and Candidate Bert of Lethbridge, sang a duet. Again Colonel Sims spoke—always so ready with his wit and wisdom he is—and Captain Stevenson, from Medicine Hat inspired us with her song. Followed Captain Watt and Lieut. Johnsrud with such experimental talks as could only do us good.

Again the Commissioner was on his feet, and speaking to us with appeal in his heart and voice, such as touched the inner springs of our souls. The atmosphere was becoming increasingly overpowering in spiritual emotion, and gradually we found ourselves in a most wonderful period of consecration for service. One by one our young comrades were pledging themselves for a life of devotion to the claims of God and humanity, until forty of them were on their feet, and Mrs. Rich was dedicating them to their joyful calling. That was, indeed, a gracious season!

Crown Him Lord of All

Night arrived and the blizzard was upon us, cold and sweeping out of doors, but the Hall was packed—crowded to excess so that it was almost uncomfortable.

Staff-Captain Merritt has a way of his own in regard to our psalmody—he makes it a real act of worship, and Commandant Carroll led us passionately up to the Throne, so that the violent seemed about to take it by force.

Other prayers and songs influenced us, and we were ready, more than ready, to give heed to the rich counsel which was given us by Mrs. Rich, who was so welcome in our midst. Another great song, one of those songs of our Army which we alone can sing as they should

be sung, and then the Commissioner was up for the final, almost, of the day. We wish we could reproduce some of his utterances, but truth to tell, we were too busy noting their effect on the young lives before us, and also, he it said, in thanking God for their effect on our own souls.

Staff-Captain Merritt took hold, and one by one there came a procession of those who were making the great vow. The personal pleading scenes were wonderful beyond words. We were all in it—the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, Colonel Sims, oh, everybody. Choruses, solos of invitation, and amidst more glory than we can put into words, we made our rejoicing over eighty surrenders for the day, not counting the pledges of the afternoon.

How we did rejoice; how we did sing; and how we did all the usual variations of our Hallelujah Wind-Up's. "Fall into line, boys," "Call out The Army," and "Never let the Old Flag Fall," and last, our own triumphant item:

Then we'll crown Him Lord of all,
When the nations meet
At the Saviour's feet,
We'll crown Him Lord of all.

The General's Birthday

There was only wanting one item to make our Army joy and allegiance complete, and that was the Birthday Message of Greeting to our Young People's General; we thought of him away over the seas, with all his cares and responsibilities, and we prayed that his joys might be increased, and that our own loyal wishes might give him to feel that the Young Folks of Canada are with him heart and soul in love for God and service in The Army. God bless the General.

Monday and Monday Night

Council Monday came. It was a busy day for the Commissioner. Our excellent friend Mr. Henderson had invited him to meet a body of business men at luncheon and that entailed some preparation after the hard work of the Sunday.

Then in the afternoon we were rejoicing once more in the Citadel. Commandant Carroll was there, and we sought to emulate him in fervour—and couldn't. Songs and duets and testimonies in one glad rush. Our D.C. with his concertina, and the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich with their message.

The Delegates Supper was a feast in more ways than one, especially in the advice which Mrs. Rich gave us so maternally. Mrs. Adjutant Junker told us of her youthful experiences, and her joy in God in a Y.P. Day in her own native Copenhagen.

A night march through the city streets preceded the final Meeting, and we came in to find the Citadel already full with an excited crowd. The Commissioner had to leave us; he was already en route for important engagements elsewhere—in which we pray the dear Lord may give him good success—and so Mrs. Rich stepped to the front.

Lieutenants were not wanting in the



Captain Tobin and Lieut. Donnelly.
(Calgary II Corps)

persons of Lt.-Colonel Sims, the Divisional Commander, and all the other Officers who had been so energetic throughout the three days. The Band was there, and the Songsters and the Young People.

Another consecration scene, and the singing of that gracious song of the Lord: "Take my life and let it be, Consecrated, Lord, to Thee."

And so, in the spirit of that song we brought it all to an end, determined that come what might, we would never put off the vows which we had taken in those days.

Thanks! Everybody

Words of thanks! Yes, by the hundred! Where all worked so well, and where so much was to be done, and so much was accomplished, it is difficult to find the right names and the right words. But if Adjutant and Mrs. Junker and Y.P.S.M. Lewin will pass on these expressions to all concerned, we shall not worry so much after all. Thanks, everybody.

One other word

And this is not addressed to the ordinary reader, but to those who were with us at Calgary, and Edmonton; oh! yes—and at Saskatoon. Has the devil been getting at you since you've gotten away from the Meetings? Has the fight seemed harder than ever before—perhaps all the more difficult by reason of the fresh light which came to you during the wonderful Council Days?

Now, listen to one who has passed through all those experiences—don't forget it. There is power and grace enough in Jesus Christ for every ordinary day that ever came, and for every extraordinary one either. Trust Him, keep tight hold of Him; He won't let you down.

I will place no value on anything I have or may possess except in relation to the Kingdom of Christ. If anything will advance the interests of that Kingdom, it shall be given away or kept only as by the giving or keeping of it I shall most promote the glory of Him to whom I owe all my hopes in time and eternity. May grace and strength sufficient to enable me to adhere faithfully to this resolution be imparted to me, so that, not in name only, all my interests may be identified with His cause.—Livingstone.

Winnipeg Young People's Councils

Winnipeg Citadel, Saturday, March 31st. at 8 p.m.
COMMISSIONER and MRS. MAPP

and
DELEGATES WELCOME and MUSICALE

Garrison Auditorium, Sunday, April 1st.

10.15 a.m. Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp : 2.15 & 6.15 p.m. Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich



Lieut. Lapp
(Calgary III Corps)



Captain Watt
(Calgary III Corps)

SPIRITUAL DAY AT THE GARRISON WITH THE CHIEF SECRETARY

A Spiritual Day, richly blessed in holy influences and attended by the revelation of God's will and power to many hearts, was conducted at the Training Garrison by the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Colonel Miller on Friday last. A number of Staff and Field Officers, privileged to attend, joined with the Training Staff and Cadets in partaking of the spiritual blessings.

Especially instructive and inspiring were the Bible readings carefully prepared by Mrs. Colonel Miller, Mrs. Brigadier Smith, Brigadier Park and Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele, and the solos and duets rendered by Adjutant Davies and Ensign Haynes. Adjutant and Mrs. T. Mundy fitted well into the order of things. During the afternoon a number of Officers gave a leaf out of their experiences and these included Mrs. Captain Smith, Mrs. Captain Boyle, Adjutant Putt and Adjutant Aton.

The Chief Secretary's addresses during the various sessions were well suited to the occasion and of an elevating nature. Added to these were several hallowed seasons of prayer and communion with God.

Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Dickerson, Major Tyndall, Brigadier Smith, Mrs. Brigadier Carter, took part during the day by lining out songs or leading in prayer.

WINNIPEG CENTRAL HOLINESS MEETING

IT WAS a splendid crowd which gathered with us last Friday. The spiritual fervency which marked the Meeting was a rich treat in itself. Right from the first song, which was introduced by Adjutant Aton, we felt that we were in for a good time.

If we may say so, one always realises that Staff-Captain Steele does not set us down to a dry meal; that he spreads before us the rich food of the Kingdom. Some of it may be strong meat for the young ones, but many of us who have been a long time on the way, found helpful sustenance for mind and soul. The topic was "Symbols of the Holy Spirit," and many of us came away not only inspired, but a little more learned in the things of God.

But if we have a criticism to offer it is that the singing did not go as well as on some occasions; perhaps it is necessary there should be degrees of light and shade in these Meetings, so that we can sometimes improve on ourselves. Captain Reed's duty was 'The Army reading'—exceedingly well done; Ensign Joyce's Scripture reading was a blessing in itself, and then for a period testimonies came with a rush; but testimonies which were exhortations, but just the simple outpourings of thankful hearts. It was a difficult matter to close this portion of the Meeting, as fervent were the assembled comrades.

"Breathe on me, Breath of God," was our final song and prayer, and a prayer which we believe was wonderfully answered.

Next Friday we are to have two Corps Officers as the chief speakers of the evening, and if the glorious feast of the last similar occasion is repeated, then we are in for a good time indeed. Who the Officers are has not been announced—we wish they had been.

THOSE NEW CREEDS

Many a true word, says the proverb, is spoken in jest, and it is truth that fell from the smiling lips of a traveller some time ago. His clergyman was on the pier bidding him farewell, and said to him: "Maybe you'll bring a new creed back with you, but be careful if you do. You know how hard it is to get things through the customhouse nowadays." "Oh," said the departing voyager, "there'll be no difficulty about them. These new creeds never have any duties attached to them." "No?" Yes, but the truth told, and it is the absence of duties from these new-fangled religions that accounts for much of their attraction.



Let Us Sing Together!



Some of the Old Songs

(Our songs and choruses this week are taken from an old-time Army publication "Salvation Army Music, No. 1"; they are the original words to melodies which have long been associated with holy and solemnity. In this restructured form, we feel sure they will find a happy welcome.)

WAITING AT THE WELL

Tune: "Lord, I make a full surrender"

Little thought Samaria's daughter,
On that ne'er forgotten day,
That the tender Shepherd sought her,
As a sheep astray;
That from sin He longed to win her,
Knowing more than she could tell,
Of the wretchedness within her,
Waiting at the well.

Chorus:

Hear, oh, hear the wondrous story,
Let the winds and waters tell—
'Tis the Christ, the King of Glory,
Waiting at the well.

Nenth the stately palm tree swaying
Listened she to words of truth;
While each thought was backward
straying,

O'er her wasted youth.
Hast'ning homeward with desire,
All His wondrous speech to tell,
Asked she, "Is not the Messiah
Waiting at the well?"

Living waters still are flowing,
Full and free for all mankind,
Blessings sweet on all bestowing;
All a welcome find.
All the world may come and prove
Him;

Every doubt will He dispel,
When each heart shall truly love Him,
Waiting at the well.

Tune: "We never, never will give in"

When the trumpet sounds I'm ready
For to go;
For to go; for to go;
When the trumpet sounds I'm ready
For to go—
For to ride up in the chariot in the
morning.

Tune: "With the conquering Son of God"

In the Blood of yonder Lamb,
Washed from every stain I am,
Robed in whiteness
Clad in brightness,
I am sweeping thro' the Gate.

THE SOLO OF THE WEEK

Tune: "I bring my heart to Jesus"

I left it all with Jesus
Long ago;
All my sin I brought Him
And my woe.
When by faith I saw Him
On the tree,
Heard His still small whisper
'Tis for thee—
From my heart the burden
Rolled away.
Happy day.

I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
How to steal the bitter
From life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop
With His smile,
Make the desert garden
Bloom awhile;
When my weakness leaneth
On His might,
All seems bright.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN

Tune: "Joy! Joy! In The Salvation Army"

Joy! Joy! Joy. There is joy in heav'n
With the angels;
Joy! Joy! Joy! for the prodigal's return.
He has come, He has come to his
father's house at last;
He was lost, he is found, and the night
of gloom is past.

Blessed hour of joy and communion
sweet,
For his heart is full and his love
complete,
His father sees him and hastes to
meet,
And bid him welcome home.

Chorus:

Joy! Joy! Joy!
There is joy in heaven with the angels;
Joy! Joy! Joy!
O'er the prodigal's return.

Joy! Joy! Joy in the courts of heaven
resounding;
Joy! Joy! Joy o'er the prodigal's
return.

Hark the song! Hark the song! 'Tis
a glad and joyful strain.
Welcome home, Welcome home. To
thy father's house again.

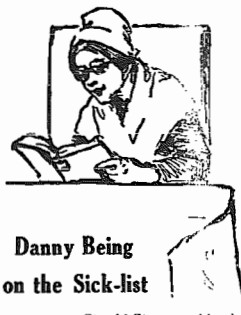
While his eye is dim with the fall-
ing tears,
Of repentant grief, over wasted
years,
The pardoning voice of his father
cheers,
And bids him welcome home.

Joy! Joy! Joy in the radiant fields of
glory;
Joy! Joy! Joy when a wandering soul
returns.

Let us haste, let us haste while the
morning sun is bright
Jesus calls, Jesus calls to a land of
love and light.

We will journey on till our warrior
feet
Shall be found at last on the golden
street;
Our glorious Saviour will smile to
greet
And bid us welcome home.

The Deliberations of Dorcas Domore



Danny Being on the Sick-list

Stc. A1 Styrenup Mlansons, Winnipeg.

Dear Sir:
I hope you will excuse Daniel from writing you this week, but, unfortunately, he is not at all well, and I have made him go to bed—and I hope he will stop there. It is such a nuisance having a sick man about the house.

Have you ever noticed, Mr. Editor—but, of course you haven't, it's your wife that has—how every man is going off to Glory as soon as he gets a pain in his little finger. If they only had to keep about as the women do, then they would have something to cry for.

But, Mr. Editor, I really believe Danny is sick this time. He just lies in the bed—room, and it is a wonder the people from upstairs haven't been down to enquire—his groans are awful. He doesn't want to read, and when he gets to that stage—well he is bad.

I think he overdid himself during the Crusade, which is more than can be said about some people I know. And he has got it into his poor, dear head that his literary efforts are not appreciated. Are literary people ever appreciated? I tell him that John Bunyan was locked up in jail—people didn't appreciate him. But Danny only says that John Bunyan wrote about dreams, whereas he has to write about facts.

Talking about facts: it is with very much pleasure that I put on record that Ensign Payne and Lt. Cook of Vancouver IV have gone up ten copies. Such a nice woman the Ensign is—she used to be stationed near us once. The Lieutenant is nice too. And would you believe it, Captain King of Fort William has actually ordered five extra copies. I wonder literary people ever appreciated. But I must be careful, Danny thinks such a lot of Captain King.

However, every little helps, as the man said when he put a cent into his boy's dime savings box. Let us hope that there will be more to cheer up my poor, dear, sick partner.

Editorial Department

Dear Editor Domore:

I am sorry that I have not been able to write you earlier about your papers, but I regret to say that the Board has decided that your trip to La Prairie cannot be charged to Editorial work. It seems as though you will have to write again to the D.C. I am sorry about your books and the auto-harp, but you really must not carry any more. I am glad that you got your books back at all—I've dozens lying around the corner that I've lent out, and nobody has the grace to return them. Several papers have been asking me whether you had an up-to-date photograph of yourself, and they say that the one you have is utterly unrecognisable. Could you not get a good snap? Nothing expensive.

Yours very sincerely,

Editor.

Dear Mr. Editor: Your letter has cheered Danny a bit, but I rather think he will have to forego those expensive papers. Only the worst of it is that he says I'll have to pay them out of my pocket. I don't want to keep him like he was a day. What do you know about that?

Yours obediently,

Mrs. Daniel Domore.

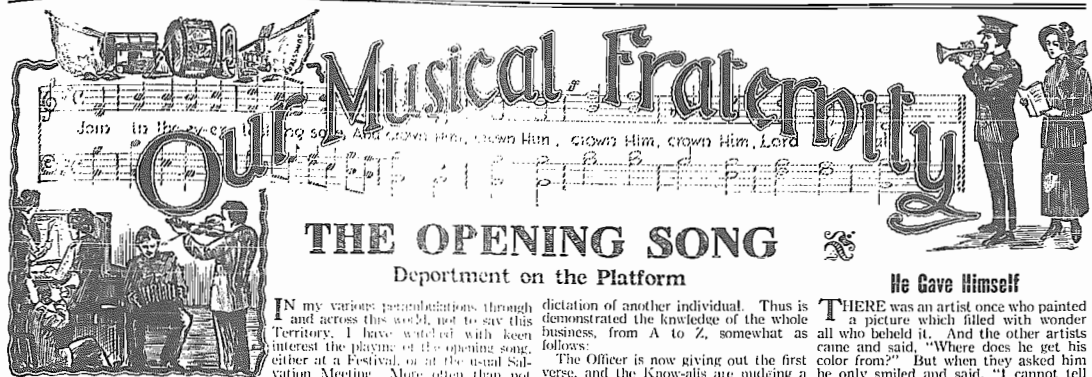
Envoy's wife

ASSINIBOIA

Captain McBride and Lieutenant Rayner. On the occasion of the week-night visit of Staff-Captain Tuttle recently the Hall was crowded in the afternoon for an interesting lantern lecture, proof of how much the Young People enjoy the visit of the Divisional Commander. At night in the Senior Meeting, all present were blessed by the Staff-Captain's uplifting talk on "The Spirit of Christ." We are desirous to see more of the attendance at our Meetings.—C. and O.

WINNIPEG SOCIAL

The Meeting last Sunday night was a time of inspiration and joy to all present. *Brigadier Cummins gave the address, again telling the story of Jesus and His love, and two men came out and definitely professed conversion. One of them has been coming to our Meetings for quite a time, and he has a hard struggle to break away. He has been the subject of the prayers of many of our Soldiers.—B.W.



THE OPENING SONG

Department on the Platform

He Gave Himself

IN my various peregrinations, through and across this world, not to say this Territory, I have watched with keen interest the playing of the opening song, either at a Festival, or at the usual Salvation Meeting. More often than not this gives to the initiated a fair idea not only as to the Band's ability musically, but also the probable help it will render in making the Meeting a success spiritually.

Department upon the platform undoubtedly means a lot, and Bandmen can do much towards making or marring an Army gathering, whatever its character. The following observations, which I do not think are overdrawn, will perhaps be considered worthy of consideration. If not, well, let it go at that!

"Where's Jones?"

The Bandmaster, after announcing the tune to be played, is naturally taking stock of his Band, probably inquiring where Jones the trombone player, or some other member whom he misses from the platform, has gone. To his regret he finds they are still in the Band-room, or, maybe, at the back of the Hall talking to some friends. Still, he hopes, dear gentle fellows, that they will be in their place before the Meeting actually commences. But, alas, it often is not so.

Meanwhile the name and the number of the tune are winning their way in lap-dance fashion around the Band, and whilst most of the comrades prepare for action by getting their music ready, there are others who seem to be blissfully unconscious that their services will be speedily required.

Then you may observe the "superior person" who imagines he knows everything to be found either in the band-book or hymn tunes, minus his music. We speak here with bated breath, and with some reminiscent thoughtfulness because of our own youthful delinquencies when we often had to be brought to book by our own long-suffering Bandmaster.

Such things as "expression marks," *accelerandos*, and *ritardandos* are nothing, to this "superior man," whilst as to slurred or staccato movements, why, of course, he can make better ones himself, with far less trouble than following the

dictation of another individual. Thus is demonstrated the knowledge of the whole business, from A to Z, somewhat as follows:

The Officer is now giving out the first verse, and the Know-alls are nudging a neighbour enquiring what is the key of the tune, whether it starts on the full bar, and so forth. Just as the Bandmaster says "Ready!" Jones, the missing trombonist, rushes on the platform, dives under the uplifted arm of the leader, snatches up his instrument, and, being ignorant of the tune, begins asking his neighbour for the desired information, thus distracting their attention at a critical moment, with sometimes sad results for the Band.

I picture it is perfectly well understood why I "pitch on" the trombone section for my illustrations; juvenile indiscretions are helpful sometimes.

What with the uncertainty of those without music and Jones' diversion, the band commences in the nature of a relay race.

The comrades with their music up are an easy first; then follow in rotation the others, according to the keenness of their perception, or their ability or unwillingness to "knock in."

There is, of course, another side to the picture, and one in splendid contrast. Every man is on the platform and in his place at the appointed time; they come on to the platform in splendid order, and their entry is refreshing to all concerned.

If the Officer did his Duty

The number passes round quickly and quietly, if it has not already been announced in the bandroom, as it would be if the Officer did his duty, and everyone prepares his music and waits attentively for the baton to come into operation.

The opening effect is grand in its precision and tone, being like the introductory chord of a church organ. Every expression mark is studied and well rendered with all the varying tempers, especially if the Bandmaster is studying the song words of the song—producing such colouring effects as to hold the attention throughout and lift the soul heavenwards.

This is, indeed, a revelation of confidence and ability on the part of the

THERE was an artist once who painted a picture which filled with wonder all who beheld it. And the other artists came and said, "Where does he get his color from?" But when they asked him he only smiled and said, "I cannot tell you." And one went to the far East and bought costly pigments and made a rare color and painted, but after a time the picture faded. Another read in old books, and made a color rich and rare, but when he had put it on the picture it was lifeless.

But the artist painted on, till one day they found him dead in his room, and they took him up to bury him. The other artists looked about in all the pots and crucibles, but they found nothing they had not. But when they undressed him to put the grave-clothes on him, they found above his left breast the mark of a wound; it was an old, old wound, that must have been there all his life, for the edges were old and hardened. And they buried him.

And still the people went about saying, "Where did he get his color from?" And it came to pass after a while that the artist was forgotten—but his work lived.

bandmen, who revel both in the intricate or plain, with the same anxious desire and earnestness to follow the conductor's lead.

What a pleasure it is to listen to such a band. The simplest tunes are clothed with a new dignity, and become important items in soul-saving work. The effect, too, on the congregation is apparent in its earnest demeanour and soulful singing, and there is evidence of a direct spiritual influence.

Seeing we have so much at stake, would it be asking too much for Bandmasters to insist on each member of the band being in his place to time, and making full use of his music, thus obviating all guess work, or waiting for each other, and making for the fullest efficiency in playing and in spiritual results.

And—would the band mind standing for the opening song, thus showing that they too are in an act of worship and not merely a bunch of performers?

The Woman's Last Word

MOST of my readers will recognize this story, but there is always a new generation growing up in our homes to which the oldest stories are new, and, as some of these young folk read the "War Cry," which is more than can be said for some of their Seniors, I pass on this story. I am not quite sure where the moral is, but a hearty hush is not always out of place, or ever very harmful. The story will lose no point because it does not speak in dollars.

A Somerset farmer and his wife took it in turns to attend the annual missionary Meeting in a neighboring village—one would go to the meeting while the other stayed to look after the farm. One year, when it was the farmer's turn to go, he prepared beforehand, as was his wont, for the collection. In a hip pocket, difficult to get at, he deposited two sovereigns, and in a side pocket, easy of access, two shillings. He decided to give according to the impression made upon him by the speaker.

He Searched his Hip-pocket

As it happened he was thrilled by what he heard, so when the collecting box came round he searched his hip-pocket and brought out a sovereign, which he put in the box. When he reached home and told his wife what he had done, she grew angry and told him he had been very foolish. With a smug look he replied that he had only lent the money to the Lord, and that according to the good Book, what you lend to the Lord you will get back a hundredfold. "Yes," she replied, "only in cash."

But a few days later the farmer received the intimation through a solicitor that a distant relative had died somewhere in Australia and had left him a hundred pounds. One can imagine the glee with which he said to his wife: "You see, my dear, the Lord is as good as His word. I lent Him one pound and He has given me back a hundred pounds."

"It is very well to talk like that now," she said, "but you did not believe it at the time." "Oh, yes, I did," he assured her. "Somerset, as elsewhere, the woman has the last word, so she fired her parting shot—"Then what a fool you were not to put in the two pounds!"

Chorus that Stuck

"Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord, or you won't go to Heaven when you die," sang the workmates on my arrival at the shop the morning after my conversion. They heard that I had got saved.

Ever morning for nearly a month they sang the chorus when I arrived, but at the end of the time the ring-leader, a young fellow, "who loved his cups" and "could bet by the side of the next one," came to me and said, "Is it true that unless we love the Lord we won't go to Heaven?" I answered that it was, and he then said, "Well, I've been weighing the matter up, and I think you are right, and I am going to the day with you tonight."

He came so, and became converted. When we marched into the shop together next morning the old chorus was struck up again, but on learning of their leader's conversion, one of the men said, "Say, boys, we'll drop singing that, else we'll get caught as well!"—S.W.



THE ARMY BAND AT SWIFT CURRENT—Bandmaster May Captain and Mrs. Smith were the Corps Officers when the photograph was taken.

MOTHER FLORENCE

THE STORY OF A VALIANT SOUL

By the late Elizabeth Swift Bringle—brought up to date by "J."



START THE STORY HERE

Susan Nichols was the eldest child of a small family living in a village in the Eastern Counties of England. The father was a hard, cruel man, who treated his family with the utmost severity. Mrs. Nichols was a Methodist, and in spite of her husband's cruel treatment strove to live up to the religious light which she had received, and to train her family accordingly. Susan went into service at the age of nine and endures much hardship. Eventually at the age of eighteen she marries Robert Florence, a young man of the village. Our readers are invited to purchase back numbers of "The War Cry" in order to become thoroughly acquainted with this fascinating story of Old Country life and the early days of The Army in Canada.

CHAPTER V

More Trouble—God is Sufficient!

"Oh Calvary, dark Calvary,
Where Jesus shed His Blood for me;
Speak to my heart from Calvary."

That was what they sang in The Army Hall in Parkdale when Susan found herself sent there the night after her daughter was saved. The little band of Soldiers sang it "with the spirit and with understanding also," and the Christ they sang about did speak to one poor, world-stained heart while the words were sounding.

The lights faded away before Susan's eyes, as a rush of holy memories swept over her, and the Christ whom she had seen and served as a child, but neglected and left as a woman, appeared again before her vision. And again the woman proved what the child had experienced, that we walk by faith and not by sight, even of a visible Lord.

Satisfied with her vision

The daily sight of their Master could not make the disciples walk like Him, but a Pentecostal blessing did; so Susan needed to have her heart purified and filled by the Holy Ghost, and it would have been done if she had only asked in faith. But she remained for the present, satisfied with her vision, and the spiritual stimulus resulting from it.

She hurried out of her class-meeting at night, and ran to The Army Meeting, explaining the fact that she could not keep away by the statement, "Those people don't have long faces, they're always happy, and they put their foot down on the drink."

This metaphorical foot came down on Susan's mug of beer at once, and she regularly put the five cents it had formerly cost her into the collection as the Lord's due. But the desire for it was left, along with her old wish to make money, and get on in the world.

She took a little farm on the outskirts of the city—the site of which has been

"And here comes damnation," thought Susan, looking down into the creamy, fragrant, white-headed liquor.

"Bill," she said out loud, "I've not joined The Salvation Army; don't cast reflections on a blessed, God-fearing people like that."

She left the two sitting there with their porter, and went out behind an apple tree in the garden and prayed for grace. "Never no more drink for me!" she said to her friends when she came back again, and all further invitations to cool her throat were useless.

When she had gotten the grace she prayed for, Susan wanted more, and asked for it. "Lord, is there anything more You want me to give up, or do?" was her cry.

Now she saw that she was to join The Army, of which Robert (whom Susan and the children jointly termed "Dad"), and her son and daughter were already members; she had herself enrolled as a Soldier, and was henceforth known to Toronto comrades and audiences as "Mother" Florence.

Beer gone—uniform on

Beer gone, and the uniform put on! "That's a great deal! You've done enough now, you're all right!" persisted the Devil, when holiness of heart was urged upon Susan by her conscience, or by faithful comrades, and she listened to him, and did not yet learn that being right must lie at the back of all doing.

She fell one day, hurrying to get something for dinner, and put her knee out

the state I was in. I lay crushed too. But it was my heart."

"Let's take him to the Lord"

Someone told The Army Officers of little Sam's hurt, and that evening they walked in. The doctor had said that no one must go near the injured boy, but Susan hadn't the heart to keep the ladies out, and they went right in to where he lay.

"Let's take him to the Lord," they said; "He'll heal him."

"They knelt and prayed, and when they



"My pains gone"

left, one of them laid her hand on Susan's shoulder, "Cheer up, Mother Florence," she said, "the child will be all right in the morning."

The words seemed wild. How could he be all right in the morning? He lay there delicious, panting for breath, and his feeble moans seemed proof to the mother that he was dying.

Just as the morning began to break, she fell into the sleep of exhaustion from which she was soon awakened by hearing little Sam crawling out of bed! "My darling, how could you get up?" she screamed.

"Because it's morning. I'm better, Mammy," he said, "my pain's gone. See me breathe." And he breathed deep down to the bottom of his small lungs.

The doctor was to come at nine o'clock, unless they sent him word before that little Sammy was dead, and he appeared promptly at that hour.

"What does this mean, Mrs. Florence?" he said sternly. "Why is this child out of bed?"

"He's better, doctor!"

"Because he's better, doctor," stammered Susan, half afraid, and not knowing exactly how to tell him that The Army Officers, on whom he was so "dreadfully down," had been taking his patient to the Lord and getting him healed.

The Easter "War Cry"—10c

Twenty-four Pages—six in color

A two-page spread in colors depicting "The Meeting by the Lake"—a wonderful reproduction of a famous painting.

Among the articles and stories are:

"The Power of His Resurrection" by the General.

"The Question of the Ages" by the Commissioner.

"The Three Crosses—Which" by Commissioner Oliphant.

"At the Cross Roads of Fate"—being some striking episodes in the life of Commissioner H. W. Mapp.

"Christ the Great Emancipator" by Colonel G. Miller.

"Easter in Hell" by the late Commissioner Railton.

Music, Songs, Poems, Stories and Articles in abundance.

New Pictures and Photos, Etc., Etc.

Place your order immediately—Any Army Officer will be glad to supply you.



"Come, damnation, through Susan!"

long since covered by industrial and commercial buildings—and in various ways turned an honest penny there. One day a couple called to see her, and she went out into the garden, hot from working in the sun, to sit down with them. One of her friends produced a bottle of porter and poured out a cool-looking glass. Susan took it; and the man remarked, "There goes Salvation."



"It's no skill of mine"

new work, but it is none the less necessary. And "so" the Lord leads Israel. So He led Mother Florence. She had little knowledge of the winding road by which she was to travel before she finally accomplished all His purpose for her.

(To be continued)

Seek ye the Lord while
He may be found

THE GREAT REVIVAL

Call ye upon Him while
He is near

Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1928

No. 11

THE HAPPY WAY

It is better to whistle than whine,
It is better to sing than sigh,
Better to smile, though a heart repine,
Than to scowl as the world goes by.
For you'll find, if you whistle a tune,
Or go singing your way along,
Many there'll be who will join you soon,
And a chorus will swell your song.

CHILLIWACK

Captain Taylor and Lieut. Ferguson, a recent weekend visitor was Captain Sinclair of the Vancouver Men's Social. On Saturday night the two Open-Airs held on the main street, listened to by a large crowd. Sunday morning a good crowd was present at the Holiness Meeting, and truly God's Spirit was felt. The Open-Air saw a splendid turn out, and comment was aroused by the number of uniformed Salvationists on the march. The Hall was filled for the Salvation Meeting, in which Captain Taylor enrolled two other comrades. It was a lovely sight to see these comrades in full uniform, taking their vows under the dear old Flag. Captain Sinclair gave a striking address, bringing before the people the claims of his own work, and telling stories of the cases with which they have to deal. In the Prayer-Meeting a brother returned to the fold, and in his testimony afterwards, said how glad he was that he had been in the common sense to get right with God. This brother's wife is a fully uniformed Salvationist, and she greatly rejoiced at her husband's conversion. We concluded with a Halleluiah wind-up and march round the Hall.

During the Crusade six souls sought Salvation and three hundred and thirty were baptized. The Rev. Mr. Layman visited us during the effort and we were greatly blessed. A visit was paid to Rosedale, where a Meeting was held in the Church. The Rev. Mr. Ogdon thanked us for coming, and said the Meeting had been a joyous, Adjutant Greenway also conducted a Sunday's Meetings and these were attended by splendid crowds. East Chilliwack and Cheam were also visited, and helpful Meetings conducted.—C.C.

FORT FRANCES

Captain V. Wright and Lieut. Hamilton. Our new Officers were welcomed on Thursday evening when a lively Meeting was attended by a good crowd, reinforced by some comrades from International Falls, our American sister Corps. The town was held on Saturday evening by Open-Airs held at different parts of the town, in front of the beer parlors, hotels, and other points, where large crowds of men listened attentively. Sunday's Meetings will be long remembered here as ones in which the Spirit had its way. In the afternoon the jail was visited and there the story of Salvation graphically told. The Spirit of conviction was strong in the Salvation Meeting, in which were present many strangers and men from the bush. We finished with a Halleluiah wind-up and new features in this Corps. "Forging ahead at Fort Frances" is our slogan. Our newly-formed Band and Songster Brigade are practicing vigorously, and will shortly make their appearance.—William.

REGINA CITADEL HOME LEAGUE. Adjutant and Mrs. Mundy. Arrangements have been made recently for special speakers to visit the Home League members at their weekly Meetings, and last week, forty sisters turned out to hear Judge Ethel McLean of the Juvenile Court. The Judge spoke of the importance of home life and the training of young people. She received a hearty welcome. A profitable hour was spent, and refreshments brought an excellent Meeting to a close.

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriending, and as far as possible, assisting anyone in difficulty. Address **ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.**

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In the reproduction of photograph, three dollars \$3.00 extra.

1837—Stanley Bone 23 years of age, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair, grey eyes, well-complexioned. Throught to have taken up farm work in Winnipeg district. Address: "Enquiry" on envelope.

1924—Bert Kristiansen Bakken—Born at Farnes, Norway, 1884. Height 5 ft. 10 in. Last heard from in 1913 at Brunswick Hotel, Edmonton, Alta. Trade: railway and forest work. Highest wages to get in touch.

1914—James G. Clark, Last heard from 5 years ago in Holfeld, Man. Age 24. Sister in Suffolk, England, longer for news.

1824—Thomas Hendley, believed he is in Canada. 45 years ago was a British soldier in India. Brother in England enquires.

1895—Arlene Kirk Tewley, Age 40, 5 ft. 7 in., dark brown hair, nose curved through middle. Took up land between Hurst River and Spirit River. Served overseas in Canadian army. Anyone knowing his whereabouts write his brother, J. H. Tewley, Yorkton, Sask.

1908—Walter Weed, Fair hair, blue eyes, roseate, height 5 ft. 10 in., last seen in 1902 of forehead. Left his home in Walkerville, Ont.,

What Does He Say To You?

"I heard the voice of the Lord . . . and he said, 'Go.'—Isaiah vi: 8-9

The Lord's "Go" means different things to different people. To some, the living finger points one way; perhaps to a distant field, where millions lie in the darkness of Heathendom, or to Army Officership somewhere. To others it points to spheres of testimony and work near at hand.

The kind of places and labors are varied, but the purpose is the same, and all who go out in obedience in God's Name will find His Almighty power behind them, and blessings in their train.

I cannot direct you in detail, but in general terms I can say, Go where you know God wants you. Where the screams of sin are sweeping the people down to damnation and dark despair, go there. Where the people are being ruined by that cup which not only curses now, but at last "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder"—go there.

Where struggling souls are crying for sympathy and help—go there. Where the youth of our land is being polluted by depraved men and women among whom they earn their daily bread—go there.

Where God seems unknown, and His claims unheeded for lack of living witnesses—go there. Go where you may lift up your voice for your Master; go where a helping hand or kindly word can minister comfort to depressed and hopeless hearts.

—Commissioner T. Henry Howard.

Candidates' Day—April 1st, 1928

MAPLE CREEK

Captain O'Donnell and Lieut. Thompson. Last Sunday night, under The Army Orphan, we witnessed by a large crowd of people, three new Soldiers were enrolled—a mother and her two daughters—each one giving her testimony to the saving power of Christ.

On Wednesday we were favored by a visit from Sergeant-Major Dismale from Hamilton. His address was full of interest, humor and inspiration, and we wished his visit could have been longer. This was also the last day of Sergeant Dismale's stay in town; we have enjoyed his presence with us.

The Hall was again full on Thursday evening when our friends Mr. and Mrs. King took the Meeting.

Captain Steele was our weekend visitor, and the helpful Meetings all day concluded with a Halleluiah wind-up at night.

Monday night, Captain Steele, with our Corps officers, and Hauptmaster (Dr.) May, of Swift Current, and a number of Bandmen, took the Meeting at Gull Lake, our Outpost. The United Church which was loaned for the occasion, was crowded to the doors.—I.A.W.

SHERBROOKE ST.

Captain and Mrs. Boyle. Last Thursday evening we were pleased indeed to welcome our new Officers, Captain and Mrs. Boyle. Ensign Haynes and the Carlets who worked so hard with us during the Crusade, and while we were without Officers, were also present, and on behalf of the Soldiers, Ensign Haynes extended a hearty welcome to the new Officers. C. S. N. Robinson, J. H. S. Keith, Chief Sergeant Yetman, Sister Mrs. Lawrence, and Treasurer Mrs. Huxey were speakers during the evening. When we heard our new Officers speak we felt that God would certainly make them a blessing to us. They are full of fire and zeal for the Kingdom.

The Saturday night Meeting, with the Band in charge, resulted in one seeker at the Cross. Halleluiah!

The Holiness Meeting was a time of much blessing, when the Captain spoke on the Conversion of the Soldier. We noticed with much pleasure, in the afternoon, the keen interest which Mrs. Boyle shows in the Young People. We do pray for a revival among them.

The fighting spirit of our new leaders was much in evidence in the Salvation Meeting, and we

JESUS CANNOT FAIR

Jesus, I dare to trust in Thee,
Who maketh all things new,
My sins to atone, my tears to dry,
My sorrows to subdue.
And in the battle's blazing war,
When flesh and blood would fail,
Thy right and true will repeat
That Jesus cannot fail.

praised God at its conclusion for the consecration of two souls, and the conversion of many. We were glad to have Mrs. Treasurer Carter with us at the Home League April Spiritual Meeting on Wednesday night. The age was encouraging and helpful to a degree. It was appropriate to say here that we also had a short "Young People's Meeting" held by the Secretary. Each member repeats a text from the Bible. One member every week is chosen to have a five minute talk on the text she finds. This call for a deep searching of the Scripture, for we choose the texts alphabetically, "A" one week, and "B" the next, and so on. Much blessing is the result. This has been such a help that we should like to pass on the suggestion to other Leagues. A.M.R. The next Sunday the Y.M. Workers, under Y.P. S.M. Keith had charge of the Meetings, which were well attended. It did us good to see the Young People taking part in it, as we saw Mrs. Whitfield's address in the Salvation Meeting. Wednesday and Thursday night we had a splendid meeting in the home of Brother and sister Huxey, and Brother and Sister Howard respectively, and in both these gatherings, had inspiring times.—C.C.

KENORA

Captain and Mrs. Whitfield. We were still in the firing-line; although the Crusade is over as far as the actual dates are concerned we are still endeavoring to sustain the good work. All day Sunday we had wonderful times. The message of the Captain in the Holiness Meeting was of much blessing and inspiration to all, as was Mrs. Whitfield's address in the Salvation Meeting. Wednesday and Thursday night we had a splendid meeting in the home of Brother and sister Huxey, and Brother and Sister Howard respectively, and in both these gatherings, had inspiring times.—C.C.

PORT ARTHUR

Captain and Mrs. Leighton. A splendid turn-out of Soldiers and Adventurers on Thursday night greeted our new Officers, Captain and Mrs. Leighton. The new officers were very well received, and we had a cheerful "make-yourself-at-home" Meeting, the main theme of which was the great Crusade for souls.

Saturday night was a real Free and Easy gathering. On Sunday, in spite of the rain weather, and the strong gale which was blowing, there was a splendid congregation at the Holiness Meeting in which God came very near to us. The evening meeting was a time of refreshing. At night, after a well-attended, moving Open-Air, in which our new Officers took part, the next morning's Meeting was a time of refreshing. The notable feature of the Sunday Meetings was the volume of prayer which seemed to be coming from everyone. All are pledged to the support of the Officers, and to work for the Salvation of souls.—Geo. Walker.

Dec. 27th, 1910. Should this meet the eye, and please communicate. Brother Edward very ill, and is anxious to hear from him.

1902—William George Watson. Height 5 ft. 7 in., light complexion, blue eyes, boiler-maker. Last heard from in 1910 at Brunswick Hotel, address: Janer, Alta. June, 1927. Is returned to Sweden. Wife and mother anxious for news. (See photo)

1905—Eril A. Hillman. Age 42, height 5 ft. 7 in., light complexion, blue eyes, native of Venge, Sweden. Last heard from 1905 at Brunswick Hotel, heard of 4 years ago in British Columbia. Brother is making enquiry on behalf of mother who is greatly worried.

1924—Bert Kristiansen Bakken. Born at Farnes, Norway, Sept. 9th, 1888; tall; blond. Last heard from in 1910 at Brunswick Hotel, Edmonton, Alta. Trade: railway and forest work. Brother wishes to get in touch.

1927—David. Age 36, height 5 ft. 10 in., dark brown hair and eyes; fair complexion. Last heard of a year ago working in mines in Alberta. Sister in Winnipeg enquires.

1786—Edward Thomas. Age 25, height 5 ft. 7 in., light brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, used to work in Germany. Native of Manchester, England. Last heard of in Alberta. Mother longs for news.

1922—Carl Gommert. Went to New York City or Montreal in 1922. Age 30 years ago with younger brother, C. Gommert, who lives near his brother's residence. Informa-

tion would be greatly appreciated by his nephew, who is now in the Salvation Army.

1946—Olav Halvorsen Nordstrand. Norwegian Age 40, tall, blond, blue eyes, strongly built. Missing since 1924. Brother anxious for news.

1910—Alexander Septimus Turner. Age 30, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark hair, brown eyes, fair complexion, farmer. Native of Newport, Man. Last heard of at Lloydminster, Sask.

1920—Forster Peter. Age 31, medium height, dark hair, brown complexion. Native of Tamworth, Warwickshire, England. Left for Canada about 1905. Last heard from in 1910. Sister meets the eye brother in England enquires.

1855—Herbert Louis Wagner. Age 38, brown hair and eyes, fair or medium complexion. Missing eleven years. Last heard from at Great Slave Lake, Alta. Sister enquires.

1887—Fred Watkins. Age 35-6, height 5 ft. 5 in., dark hair, brown eyes, fair complexion, florid, protruding chin, clear, strong, speech. Native of Tamworth, Warwickshire, England. Left for Canada about 1905. Last heard from in 1910. Sister meets the eye brother in England enquires.

1941—James Fraser. Age 30, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark hair, brown eyes, fair complexion. Born in Scotland. Missing since 1922. Served in five Canadian Highlands, Imperial Army, during the war.

1896—Otto Christian Jensen. Born in Copenhagen, 1870. Came to Canada 1916. Medium height and fair, is a clerk; parents enquire.

1920—V. S. Smith. Age 29, height 5 ft. 9 in., dark brown hair, brown eyes, pale complexion. Cotton miller. Native of Manchester, England. Served in war. Last heard from in Edmonton, Alta.

1880—Walter Unwin. Born Nov. 56, medium height, fair hair and complexion. Native of Bitching near Haverhill in Somerset, England. Is butcher by trade. Sister enquires.

1901—Adolf Zimmer. Born Nov. 19, 1892, as Tutschen, Wollingen. Last heard of in Winnipeg, 1914. Father very ill and worried.

Walter Unwins became—Hartley Groundwater. Last known to be in Winnipeg in 1923. Height 5 ft. 7 in., dark complexion, height 5 ft. 7 in. has married a Miss in right leg. It will be to his advantage to communicate with his father at Lewistown, N.B. at present is very low. Address: Hartley Groundwater, Lewistown, Westernland Co. N.S.

1923—Albert Shales. Age 54; height 5 ft. 10 in., dark hair, fair complexion. Native of Wolverhampton. Went to Canada from Rathfriland, Scotland, in 1913.

1895—Arlene Kirk Tewley. Age 40, height 5 ft. 7 in., tall; brown hair; nose curved through middle; nose, taken up land between Hurst River and Spirit River. Served overseas in Canadian Army. Anyone knowing his whereabouts write his brother, J. H. Tewley, Yorkton, Sask.

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